

### Died in a Grog Shop

BY D. B. KEAM.

Who? A young man of brilliant intellect, with a mind that would have some day enabled him to carve his name high up among the illustrious and good men who have acted upon and withdrawn from this stage of action. The son of some fond and living mother died in a grog shop, in the midst of revelry, enchaincd by billiard balls and ribald songs; waited upon by women low in station and low virtue; associated with those who called upon the holy name of the great Jehovah, not to bless, but to curse, surrounded by all that was infamous and unholy and under the influence of that which at last drowns all that is pure and noble in manhood, he is called to the judgment bar of Almighty God, there to await the verdict of Him who dealcth justly with all His creatures.

Would you know we could dash from our sight such pictures as this. Time, labor, money, all would be willingly sacrificed could the young man of America be saved from the destruction of the relentless demon, who knows neither rich nor poor, high nor low, educated nor illiterate, all are under his ban, all classes suffer. A mother's cherished daughter,

Father's moved son he claims and huris  
them on to destruction, to death and hell.  
Died in a grog shop! Father in heaven  
hasten the day when such epitaphs shall  
cease to be written on this fair earth of  
ours

Friends and brethren, why do we stand  
idly by, while all around us this fiend of  
the still is doing his work swiftly and  
surely. Why cringe and bow to political  
parties who love our cause no better than  
Satan himself. Why ask bread of par-

ties who will only give you a stone? Why send in petitions by the thousands to legislators who treat your petitions with scorn, and still allow the infernal business of rumselling and druidrak making to go on? When will the temperance and christian people of christian America realize the great extent of this evil? When will they have sufficient courage to throw off the party yoke and vote for God fearing men, pledged to total prohibition, men who have given the greater

part of their lives to the work of abolishing the liquor traffic.

Shall we vote for such men only as are opposed to rum shops, and thus hasten the day of deliverance, or will we sanction the trade in rum by giving our vote to the parties or candidates which court the votes of whisky rings and brewers of the United States.

Ab, fellow workers in the cause of prohibition, we may play with the serpent until we are stung. We may seek to

the sources of crime and keep in power men who sneer at us (as they say) making such a fuss, and all for one idea, until we are awakened to a sense of our duty by the announcement that one near and dear to us has died in a grog shop. Brothers, linger not longer, for it may soon be too late. D. B. REAM.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—A singular anecdote is related of Goldsmith's last jour-

ney to Edgeworth's town, previous to his entrance at college. Having left home on horseback, he reached Ardagh, where was necessary for him to sleep, at night-fall. He had a guinea in his pocket, and was determined to enjoy himself. He asked for the best house in the place, and from a piece of Irish literal comprehension, or waggery, was directed to a private house instead of an inn. Goldsmith had no thought of a mistake, and being readily admitted by the servants, who

from his confidence, concluded that he was some well-known friend and invited guest of their master, he gave directions concerning his horse, and being shown in to the parlor, found there the owner of the mansion at his fireside—a Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune and somewhat of a wit. Oliver began to call about him with authority, as one entitled to attention; and his host having soon detected the youth's error, and being willing to give up a precious moment, handed

Oliver chose to order, to be brought to him; accepted with his wife and daughters an invitation to supper at his own table, and received with becoming attention strict injunctions to have a hot cake ready for breakfast on the following morning. It was not till he called for his bill before quitting the house that the abashed school-boy discovered his blunder, and learned that he had been entertained

**PRACTICAL PREACHING.**—The average hearer desires practical preaching as the staple of the pulpit, because he knows it was what he, his children and his neighbors need to live and to die by to enable them to resist temptation, and to keep their hearts from breaking when

friends pass from sight. When a simple truth is expounded, or an every day duty urged, he does not say in a spirit of complaint, "I know that! I know it better than the minister shut up in study would! I am in the midst of life." On the contrary he confesses, "How strange I forget! How often I forget! How often I forget forgetting my great need! That the world has such dominion: when it does not give me peace." For, as has been said, "the relations and duties of common humanity shine with an awful

Practical preaching does not exclude doctrinal; it teaches the grounds of our faith, wherein we differ from other believers, and the nobler plan of agreement. Nor does it exclude theoretical; but, while gladly acknowledging that an argument sometimes gloriously solves a doubt, it sees that there is no argument like experience; that we prove the doctrine by obeying it; that it is the evil heart of man

South Sanford, Me., has a precocious boy burglar who eludes the utmost vigilance of the officers of the law. The youth's name is Bickford, and he has entered nearly every store, and many private houses within a radius of twelve miles from his own residence. Either

Maine boys are uncommonly smart or the  
sheriffs are not what they should be.

---

Forgive thyself nothing and other  
much.

A young girl, the daughter of Kendal Kelley of Belfast, Me., disappeared some time ago, and all efforts to find her have thus far proved unavailing.